Richard Chales & Isale Georg them by ther fivement hip h

The unknown Author of the following lines & the sketches for drawings that accompanied them, this wonderful addition to the Hubbardonian Collection, is inscribed, by his obliged humble Servant. March 1806. The Sublisher

(withinsten 1406 Dave Tir.





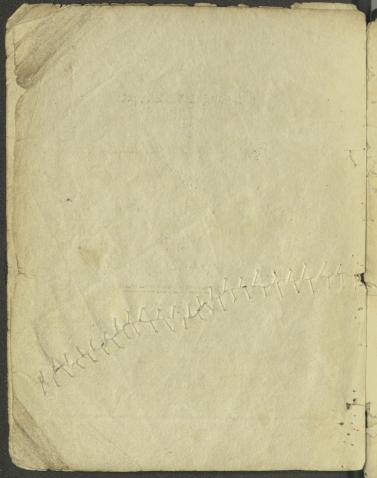
.1
Continuation
of
The Adventures
of

OLD DAME TROT,

and

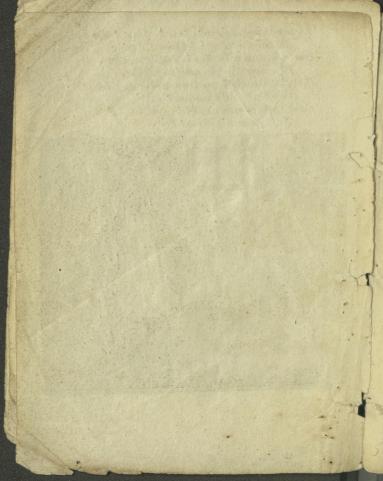
HER COMICAL CAT.

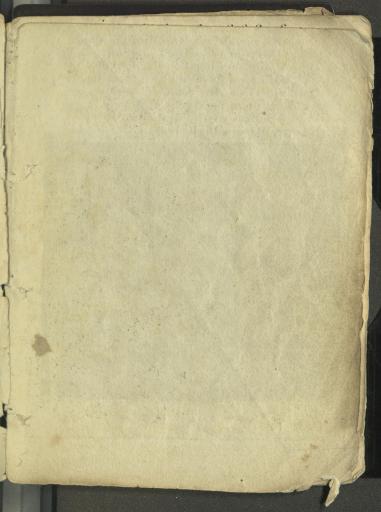
Published March with worder Andre Shownite Library.
corner of & Pauls Church to &



"Ill fetch my Friends," Dame Trot exclaims,
"To view your Clothes fo new,
"For what avails fuch cofily gear
If none there are to view.
But Pufs turn'd up her nofe at this;
For the with looks fo fly,
Had independent fehemes of blifs,







Now Trot would fain have fluit the door,
To keep her Cat from slutting,
But nimbly the thruft forth her Paw,
And kept the door from fluiting.
No fooner was her Guardian gone,
Than down the Stairs Put's ran,
And heedlefs e'en of patking Mice,
Her daring flight began.



She pured with joy when first the faw The outfide of the door,

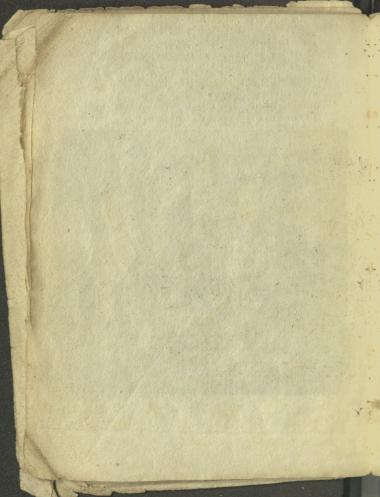
Then tuck'd her tkirts through pocket holes. And flump'd the Gutters o'er.

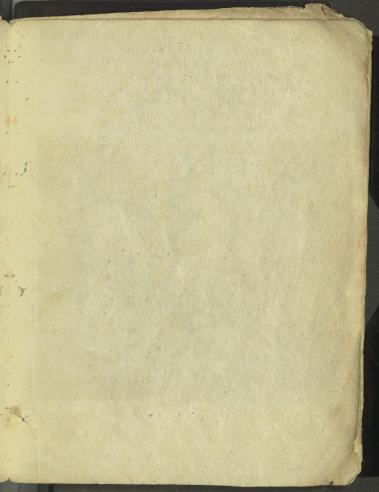
At length the came before a Houfe

(With feet inflamid & fore)

Where Groom with Horfes twain, had kick'd Their heels, an hour or more,





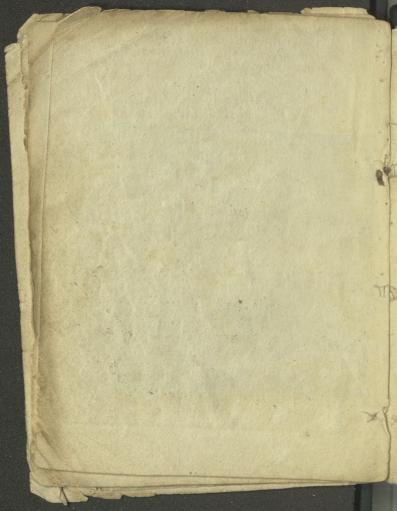


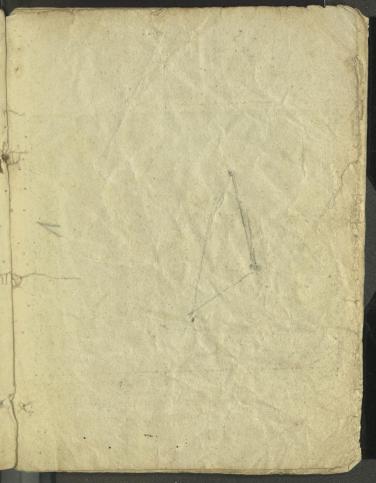
Th' impatient fleed who wing'd for flight With envious eyes Put's faw, And thought within her furry felf, "Necets'y has no Law."
Then prompt in action, up flie flew, And gain'd the vacant Seat, Before the Groom's unconfeious eye Perceiv'd the wily feat.



As foon as the was firmly fixt
Upon the Horfe, fo glad,
She clapp'd her Claws into its fide,
And Gallop'd off like mad.
Then gaping He with wonder great,
Her flight unutual view'd,
He thought his Mittrefs was in hafte,
So he in hatte purfied.





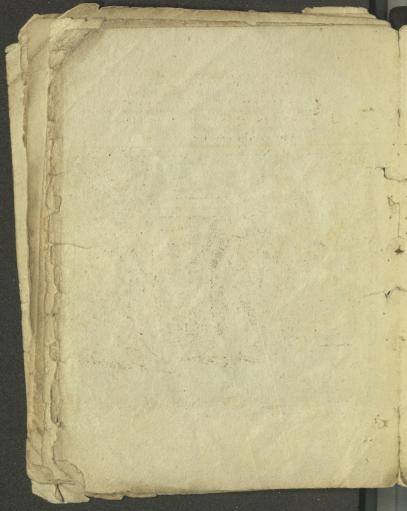


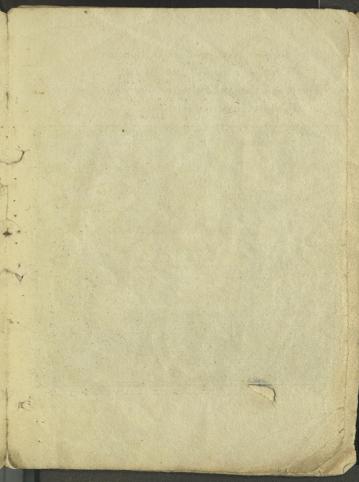
But Pufsey far outflipped the Groom, In fpite of Summer's heat, At length on flopping at an Inn, She vaulted from her feat.



The Landlord flew to meet his Gueft, And thought that the muft be So finely mounted & fo dreft, Some Cat of Quality, He led her to an eafy Chair,
And brought her in a trice
A Bowl of Milk, regretting much
He could not offer Mice,

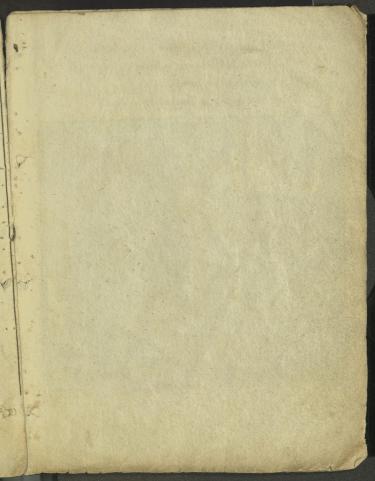






The Supper o'er, poor Pufs began
With fleep to nod her head;
The Chambermaid then came with lights,
To flew her to her Bed.





'Twas old Dame Trot, who when inform'd Of Madam Pufsey's route, With indefatigable zeal.

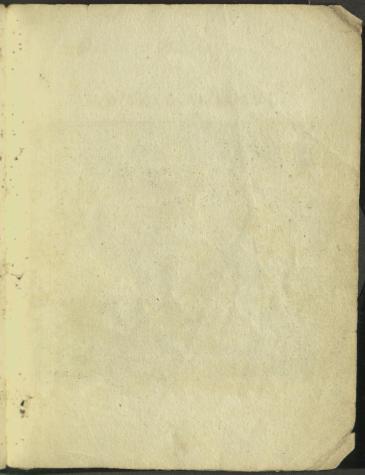
Had fearch'd & found her out,



She came with Bafket in her hand, Refiftance was in vain, She feizid poor Pufs, then thruft her in, And trotted home again.







ARRIVAL AT HOME.



I heped you up before -

CHASTISEMENT.



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